130.

REMARKS

UPON

E. Settle's

NARRATIVE

Nil Aliud loqueris quam Theſea, Perithoumque
Teque putas Pyladi, Calliodore, *Parem.*
Diſpeream, ſi tu Pyladi *preſtare matellam*
Dignus es, aut Porcos paſcere Perithoi

LONDON

Printed and are to be ſold by *A. Banks* for the Author, 1683.

REMARKS

NARRATIVE

TO THE READER.

And is *E. Settle* turn'd Recanter! nay then, there may be ſome hopes of the converſion of the Devil and all his Angels. But his own fellow Poets will not believe it; they, in their *Prologues*, ſay he has only *turn'd Cat in Pan*. And thus again all our hopes touching the *Devil* expire. For alas, he is no more converted then *Satan* himſelf, & this his pretended *Recantation* and *Narrative*, proves only an *Expedient* to ſatisfie the importunate cries of his neceſſity. What ſignifies the ſubmiſſions of ſuch a ſordid *Animall* to an offended Prince, that ſhall proſtrate himſelf at the Feet of any Common *Harlot*, that will but be at the *Expence* of a *Bully*, to correct his miſdemeanors. Forgiveneſs is too high for ſuch *Spaniel* cowring Such a one does not repent, but baſely fawne under the terrours of what he deſerves. *Like* the *Devil*, he only believes he has done a miſs, & trembles. Therefore he is not forgiv'n, but only ſpurn'd, contemn'd & let live. And now ſhall ſuch a ſlave, fetter'd in the chains of his ſtill clamouring tranſgreſſions, be thought a Credible Umpire to determin the cauſe of *Popiſh Treaſon* and *Murder*? ſhall he be the proper *Judge* of National Wiſdom and Juſtice? ſhall his tainted breath be thought ſufficient to blaſt a *Popiſh-Plot*, upon all the ſtricteſt ſcrutinies & enquiries of moderation & prudence ſo voted to by the higheſt Aſſemblie of the Realm? Conſider, Readers with your ſelves, and ſo farewell.

READER

REMARKES
UPON
E. Settle's
NARRATIVE

AND now the *Whiggs* may thank themselvs. They had once the *Great Settle* on their sides. There were but Nine Muses, and four & a half were *Whiggs*---But now for want of a little Contribution-money to defend him from Taylors Bills, and Landlady's scores, they have lost this mighty Champion of *Theirs*. 'Tis an ill thing to provoke the slaves of Patrons, that have no where to feed but at other mens Tables; that have no bread to put in their heads but what their Patron affords 'em: for these Tenants at Will under other men's Roofs must sneake and cringe, and if a Patron will have 'em, must damn their souls, to save their Bodies. The *Tories* therefore would not loose the Opportunitie, but finding such a *Belisarius* as *Elkanah*, deserted, first by his *Patron Roffee*, that kept the *King*'s *Armes* against the *Dukes Theatre*, and forsaken by his *Aldersgate streets* Patron, presently caught him up, fed him, and set him to work. 'Twas all one to *Elkanah*, what car'd He? He followd the Dictates of his Necessitie, and, *Ingenij Largitor venter*. The *Whiggs* therefore were nothing at all beholding to him; for it was not any good opinion of their cause, or upon any true Ground or principle of vertue and reason that he did them service. But being a needy Pedler of words, sold 'em to the best Chapman, as the Italian *Bravos* prostitute their Pistolls and stilletto's to all the leud Designs of Mischeif. Nay he is so vain and ostentatious to make the world beleive, that his Satyrs had effectual Gall, and that the Blemishes of his Pen would most severely stick where they lighted. And who d'yee think must be the first that was to feel the sigmall Effects of his wrath and disgust? No less a Personage then his *Royal Highness*. This he thought was *Par Congressus*, and would render his fame Immortall. And what was all this for? Because the Duke was not pleasd to gratifie his humour about an Idle Play. A crime assuredly of a most high nature, scarce within the bounds of pardon, for an inconsiderable *Play---Wright* to bend the force of his Poeticall Licence in the defence of a cause by him self

not approv'd, and consequently to put an Imposture upon the Nation to endeavour to dethrone the Kingdomes Heir, on purpose to satisfie his Rancour and Revenge against the Duke. And all this not out of his zeale for the public Welfare, but out of Malice forethought against the second person of the Realm, contrary to his conscience, his judgment and opinion.

It is a small satisfaction for so high an offence, to come with a glozing panegyric and think to cover former injuries with the tawdry vaile of a peice of flattery. For if ascribing praise be a doing *Honour*, the person that Honours must be truly qualified to give it. But the world will hardly be brought to beleive, that it can be any more Honour for a person of Sublime worth and dignity to be applauded by a prostituted pen, then for a Lady of high birth and untainted vertue to be extoll'd by a common strumpet. Rather will they beleive that such a *Magnifyer* would not stick to take the same hire again to commit the same transgression, were he in the same wide world under the same Temptation. More then this; had he determind to have shew'd the realitie of his penitence by the cleverness of his proceedings, it had been more proper for Mr. *Settle* to have storm'd his own book, and to have batter'd it with all the force of his Tragic-fury, thn to fall with such a hungry Appetite upon the Plot, which receives no farther Detriment from this assault of his, but only that it will be thought to have been so Charitable as to have fed him all this while of his last Retirement. And had he not, in his own conceit quite annihilated the Plot, the Lord knows how long he might have eat and drank upon the Plot. But it seems he was weary of dyeting too long upon one dish. All his Friends, even to the Draggle-tayl'd Female are sorry for him, and wish him a good Concoction; yet they vehemently fear 'twill cost him a most terrible surfet. *Plots* and *Poultrey-Counters* are wicked hard of Disgestion.

Our Narrative-Monger might have learnt discretion from the *Observator*: He was wise and politick, and always warie how he deny'd the Plot it self; and therefore liu'd upon it for several years, only by Skirmishing with the Witnesses. He, like a wastful prodigal, Ruins and consumes all at-once, before he knows where to have more; for 'tis to be fear'd he wants learning to enlarge upon the *Critic History of the Old-Testament*. But Mr. *Settle* will never leave his *Boyish-Tricks*. Had he repeated his *Narrative*, as he was wont to do his Tragic Scenes, by bits and Scraps to the Scullers in *Roffee's* Ale-Boxes, they would have given him better advice then he has taken.

But *Mr. Settle* was misled by many, and *those the greatest men in England*, whom he would involve in the same Crime. So people infected with the Plague, out of a particular *Malice* inherent to that disease, labour to bring others under the same Contagion. To which purpose they find him endeavouring to set up for a new

Evidence

Evidence, though, according to his usual folly, a day after the Fair, and accusing the dead *for bidding him speak more favourably of Rebellion*. A thing altogether as improbable as any thing he has objected against *Oates* and *Bedlow*, that a person of that known Experience and reserv'd Wisdom, were there nothing else, should make such an open Declaration of his mind to such a one as Mr. *Settle*. For deep and wary Politicians will not so easily trust a *Hireling*. And therefore *Macnamarr* and *Zeale* for that. He whom the *Towring Poet* in his Epistle to the *Female-Prelate* calls *Englands fastest Friend*, of whose great services for *England, the most ignorant of the Orcades were full*; whose Counsils to the King *were unshook* by frowns, and unbrib'd by honors; he who had *so Strenuously and so justly labour'd to defeat a dangerous Faction, no less threatning then a growing Phaeton*, this flattering Sycophant, having spent and forgot his Dedication mony, without any respect to Gratitude or his own Reputation safely now besmears that once ador'd Honor, pronounces all this to be mere Poetic Flames, and Damn'd Flattery, and accuses his deceased Patron of a most improbable piece of Treason. And therefore what man of sense or reason will so far prejudice himself, as to believe a *Scribler of his Profession* (for so he Stiles himself) that runs a trust upon the hopes of a Dedication, and studies Encomiums with the same Mercenary Soul, as Fidlers play at Bridegrooms Windows?" 'Tis either we thank your Lordship, or a pox take him, as the sum reveals it self and defrays old debts. I say what man of sence or reason can believe such a Miscreant Writer for all his Canting and recanting, though he cant and recant till Dooms-day?

However, the Tide being turn'd and he having tasted other Obligations, the Narrative-Merchant complains, that this great man, and many others of the same Quality misguided him. But therein he tells the World a most gross untruth. For if his own words are printed right, while he wrote for them they guided him very right. For then in his *Dedication to the Tories*, Pocket--Inspir'd no doubt, as now, he tells the world, *That their Absolons and Achitophels and the* rest of their *Grinning Satyrs against the* Whiggs *had this unpardonable fault, that the Lash was more against a* David *then an* Achitophel, *while their Running down of the Plot, at so extravagant a Rate, savour'd of very little less then Ridiculing of Majesty and turning all those several Royal Speeches in Parliament on that Subject only into the double-tongu'd Oracles that sounded one thing and meant another*, He calls it farther the *Branding the publick Justice of the Nation, and affronting even the* Throne *it self*. Nay he goes yet one step farther, and says, *That the Tories who will believe no Popish Plot, may as justly come under the Denomination of Fools, as they that* David *tells us, said in their hearts there was no God*. This was one who says, *he was no Hypocrite, for he wrote what he thought: no Clod-pated Fidler that sung against his Conscience*. So then at that time, while he acted according

cording to the Principles of Integritie and Conſcience, thoſe great men of *England* certainly could be none of his miſguiders. They could never be ſaid to be his miſguiders, who encourag'd him, as much as in him lay, to repreſs the inſolence of thoſe that ſought to Ridicule Majeſty and brand the publick Juſtice of the Nation. Now then what muſt he be, but a contemptible Renegado from his integritie, and a flaſhy Revolter from his Conſcience, while he falls into thoſe very Crimes that before he ſo juſtly tax'd in others? A young *Balaam*, whom the Popiſh *Baal Peor's* have hir'd to curſe a Plot againſt his Prince and Country. Wonder not then that this new Proſelyte of Satan has made uſe of his utmoſt force to *Ridicule Majeſty* and *brand the juſtice* of the Nation in Oppoſition to his firſt Sinceritie and Conſcience. For 'tis obſerv'd, that there are none ſo violent, none ſo Zealous Enemies, none that ſtudy more the Extirpation of Chriſtianity then our European Renegado's among the Turks.

All this while, who is this mighty Gyant? 'Tis but Mr. *Settle* ſtill. Now hear his own Deſcription of himſelf: *A thing ſo nameleſs and inconſiderable, that he is only to be deſcrib'd by Negatives.* which are now to be alter'd according to that ſhape into which he has *Proteus'd* himſelf; that is to ſay, a perſon of no integritie, nor repute, no value, no belief, no credit, no Conſcience. Now whether the mature Deliberations and Examinations of his Majeſties Council & both houſes of *Parliament* are to be arraign'd at once by ſuch a worthleſs Animall as this, let all the ſober part of the Kings Dominions judge.

But you'll ſay, he is now a *Recanter*: a *Recanter* in the Devil's name. He recants that ever he did according to his Conſcience, he is ſorry that he did not ridicule *Majeſty*, and brand the publick Juſtice of the Nation. This is ſuch a Recantation, that wherever it paſſes for ſuch begets a ſtrange concluſion, that there is but one great Knave in the Nation, and all the reſt are Fools. For as for his perſonal offences againſt the Duke, they ſtand cowring only under the ſhelter of a ſhort flouriſhing ſubmiſſion, not half ſufficient to expiate injuries committed out of Malice and Revenge, and contrary to Conſcience againſt ſo great a perſonage. For which it could be no ſatisfaction to decry the plot wherein he was never in the leaſt concern'd. So that Mr. *Settle* is the firſt ſince *Adam'* that ever alter'd the courſe of Recantations, and repented of acting againſt his conſcience.

But if you will not give him leave to recant, you may admitt him to reform. For he ſayes he is reſolv'd to renounce both the *Whore* and the *Baud*. A bleſſed Reformation. But it is ſo contrary to his Genius, which is another ſort of conſcience of his too, that it is never to be expected. There are thoſe charmes in *Salisbury-Court* and *Drury-Lane*, that a youngman of his robuſt temper can never reſiſt. But you'll ſay he does not mean thoſe ſort of Whores and Bauds; no, no, he'll never make a Narrative againſt them, he's as gre[illegible] them [illegible] and 'twas for

I have

love of them he wrote this Narrative; he means the *Luſt of Revenge which he gratifi'd, and the Plot that roſe up to lend him means and opportunity.* 'Thats but a ſham. As if a man ſo bent to gratifie his luſt as he was, and a man of ſo much invention could not eaſily have found out a way to gratifie his paſſion, had the Plot never bin.' Twas not the Plot neither, but the debate in Parliment that aroſe from other circumſtances that gave him the opportunity. But beeauſe he could not revenge himſelf upon the Parliment, therefore he reſolv'd to reck his ſpleen upon the *Plot*.

Thus 'tis plain to all the world, that his continu'd luſt of revenge, and no good intent to the public good, has bin the occaſion of all Mr. *Settles* malice againſt the Plot. So that whatever animoſitie he may have againſt the *Baud*, he has not renounc'd the *Whore* yet.

But now enter Sathan in Mr. *Settles* likeneſs, breaking ground and raiſing his firſt batteries againſt the Plott, accuſations upon accſations.

It has furniſh'd the world with an Ocean of guilded zeale and hypocriſie. Of which the cheifeſt preſident is his own dear Self.

It has made the greateſt Atheiſts the greateſt ſticklrrs for Religion; And is that ſuch a crime? to bring Atheiſts to beleive in God? But it ſeems tis Mr. *Settles* opinion. *It brought the moſt rigid Fanaticks to the Church of Englands communion and Sacrament.* And is Mr. *Settle* angrie at that? yes—for, it was *to capacitate them for offices of truſt.* And if they were thereby fitted for thoſe Truſts, what ſhould hinder 'em from having them *It made the greateſt true Proteſtant Citey Dons perjure themſelves.*

That's as far fetch'd as his Mask of *Orpheus* and *Euridice* in the Empreſs of *Morocco*. For one ſwallow never makes a Summer. But the Poet thinks he is verſifying, and therefore takes the Libertie of a Romance. Others believe he meant *Citie-Dun's*, inſtead of *Citie-Don's*. For the firſt indeed may deſerve the laſh of his pen; as having been frequently Thorns in his ſide. The Plot would have made *the Metropolis Independant from the Crown, lopp'd the Prerogative and borrow'd the Militia, to fight againſt Black Bills*, Thus you ſee he is ſtill Gratifiing his renounc'd whore, *Luſt of Revenge*; for you muſt know the Poet has a peculiar Antipathy againſt *Bills* of any ſort what er'e they be, ever ſince the perſecution of his Taylors: beſides 'tis an Intrenchment upon his Profeſſion for any other people to utter any thing that ſo much as ſmells of a Hyperbole; a Liberty which Poets allow only to themſelves. Though while he himſelf was talking Hyperbole's of another Nature, he might have let the *Brown Bills* paſs, without calling the *Corporal*. In the mean while the Poet is to underſtand, that men Scholaſtically bred when they ſpeak of Military Affairs, may not always be ſo fortunate as to expreſs themſelves in proper Military Terms. Tis enough to ſave the Plot from the Deſtruction of *Settles Briarean* Folly, that there were ſeveral Diſcourſes of Military Prepa-

rations: 'tis no matter what the weapons were, nor how call'd, whither the Discoverer spoke like a Cutler or a Gunsmith, or a Hermit. But such School-Cavils, Quibles, Quirks, and Quiddities you shall meet with all along in this same *Plot-Menippus*'s Narrative; as if the solemn Determinations of the supreme Councils of the Nation were to be confuted and baffl'd by such a slicer of Cowcumbers, a meer Romantic Whiffler in *Scotus* or *Zabarell*.

It has made the whole Body of Antipopish Dissenters in their highest Enmity against Plots and Rome, desire to be incorporated with the Church of England. What strange Crimes has this Retainer to other mens Trenchers found out against the Plot? For certainly no greater Felicitie could befall this Nation, then a happy union of all in General that profess the Protestant Religion against their Common Enemies the Papists. Such a League none but Sons of *Belial* would presume to grin at. And surely the Church of *England* most heartily desir'd it as much as the Dissenters, and is still ready to receive them into her Embraces. Now if this were the designe of the *Plot*, why did not the Plot bring it to pass? Nothing but ill luck: For the Papists smelling the Plots intention, presently set all their deep-mouth'd Hounds upon her, that in a short time hunted her to a *Fault*: and now here's *Fowler Narrative* has started her again, and is resolv'd alone to run her quite down. Now I would fain know whither Mr. *Settle* has not done like himself to shew a dislike of the Union of the Nation? And next whither such a *Son of Division* deserves to be patron'd in a *Hogstie*. *Then the Plot writ the Association.* If he mean the pretended Association, 'twas a Bastard, and so more-like to be got by himself. If he mean the Association propounded in Parliament, he ungratiously bespatters that high Assemblie of the Nation, which was so far from proceeding in what was propos'd without his Majesties good liking, that they petition'd him for his assent. But what signifies all this from a *Bartholmew-Fair Booth-man*? a *Strowller* about the Country with *Farces*, that betray'd his Friend *Bose*, who was wont to pawn his plate to supply his empty pocket, to the *Pillory* and Banishment. All which the poor man patiently suffer'd, rather then reveal him the Author of that damnable Lampoon, call'd a *Game at Cards*, presented inconsiderately to *Mr. Duboys*. And we may with as great probability believe that the hard Fate of his Friend frighted him into this conversion, and being of a Lampooning Nature, put him upon this Lampoon against the *Plot*. Which is no nine days wonder to them who have but cast an Eye upon his Venemous Invectives against his *Royal Highness*. From the severest punishment of which there's nothing certainly protects him but the baseness of his Condition, while men of Repute and Qualitie, the more unhappy in their Errors, suffer for less then the Hundredth part of what this Prostitute Scribler has done.

But the world does not perceive the Policie of this lofty Rimer; for could he but turn the Plot into a Fable, he would soon turn the *Fable* into a Farce. That, he thinks, would be a *Rarie-Show* indeed, to carry like *Scarroons* Comedians, from County to County among the Papists

piſts. 'Tis ten to one but he has begun to build Sconces already upon the Credit of the Project: And more then this, 'tis ſaid that the *Jack-Puddings* begin to Petition him already for places. But as *Luſt of Revenge* againſt Princes, and Treaſon to Friendſhip ſeldom goe unpuniſh'd, let him have a care this Lampoon upon the Plot be not the laſt Act of his Play. For he is to underſtand, that this Lampoon upon the Plot, which never any yet but profeſt Papiſts and Ribalds durſt attempt, is a Lampoon upon Majeſty, a Lampoon upon the Lords and Commons of *England*, a Lampoon upon the honour of the Judges, the learning and wiſdom of the Kings Council, and the Integrity of the Juries. Worſe then Varlet, he has endeavour'd to beſmeare the Throne with innocent Blood; to new die the Graceful-Robes of Peerage with the Crimſon Stains of Cruelty and Oppreſſion; to diſhonour the Commons of *England* with the Character of Barbarous and Blood-thirſty; to involv the Judges, the Council, the Juries promiſcouſly in the horrid crimes of Corruption and Perjurie: and all this, to offer up the Guiltleſs, the Beloved of God, to the *Moloch* of a Romantic-Plot. What no true Chriſtian, no Man of Common Morality would have been brib'd to undertake for the Guerdon of an Empire, this audacious *Butter-flie* of a *Rimer* has ventur'd at, for the ſmall gains of a Dedication, and a little paltry Coppy-mony, to ſatisfie the hunger of his Debauchery. A Recantation, if it may be call'd ſo, and not rather a more fatal Relaps into manifoldly worſe tranſgreſſions then he recanted, purchas'd at a dear Rate. Yet greedily bought up by many, of whom Piety it ſelf has this Charitable perſwaſion, that er'e this they have better conſider'd the unhappy Conſequences of their belief, and will therefore Sacrifice the Pernicious Sheets to the Flames which they deſerve.

Some men perhaps may not ſo well know, but all are to underſtand that this is not the firſt Recantation that Mr. *Settle* has made. It as natural as mud to an *Eele*, for Mr. *Settle* to make Recantations, ſomtimes out of fear, ſomtimes out of neceſſity. And it is hard to ſay which has the moſt Predominant Influence over him. He has twice given it under his hand that his Mother was a *Whore*. Once to Mr. *O.* as not finding himſelf any way prepar'd to die, & as unwilling to forſake the Devil & his beloved works.

Another time there was a Certain Gentlewoman that ſhall be nameleſs, who became ſo far inveigl'd with his Poetry that by her he encreaſ'd the world with the Iſſue of two years. Afterwards, whither out of love or hatred, that he might perfect the work of undoing her, is uncertain, he would have marry'd this Gentlewoman; but ſhe having doubtleſs had the woful Experience of his *Poverty*, and well underſtanding that four naked legs in a bed are not ſufficient to maintain a Family, rejected his Suite. Which ſo inflam'd his *Luſt of Revenge*, that he came and brake her Windows, reſolving to ſet a Bawdy-houſe Mark upon her Lodging. Preſently the Gentlewoman complain'd of his ill uſage to a Friend: and as the complaints of Women ſoon finda compaſſionate Champion, her complaints were not fruitleſs. For the Gentleman taking his Opportunity, ſoon call'd

the Valiant Window-breaker to an account, and gave him so severe a Cane-Correction, that Mr. *Settle*, who was always indulgent to his Bones, and kind and merciful to his own flesh, not enduring that sort of Discipline, fell immediately into his never failing way of *Recantation*, and among the rest of the Conditions propos'd to him, readily, patiently, & willingly condescended to acknowledg himself the *Son of a Whore*. And this is the second known time that Mr. *Settle* has Valorously avoided the Just Indignation of his Enemies by defaming the Womb that bore him, and acknowledging himself the spurious Brat of Adultery.

Yet this is that Contemptible He, who pretends to convince his Soveraigne of Errours and Faylours in his Justice, and to put all the Lords and Commons of *England* upon writing *Penitential-Psalms* for an Inhuman Prosecution of the Innocent. And therefore,

Quis quis Stolæve purpurave contemptor,
Quos colere debet, læsit impio versu,
Erret per urbem, Pontis exul & clivi,
Interque Raucos ultimus Rogatores
Oret caninas panis Improbi buccas.

Nevertheless, after all these crimes, far worse then those, for which he so severely sends his *Lybian* Empress to the other world, he vainly flatters himself in strange advantages that shall accrew from his betraying thus both his Soul and his Conscience and doing injury to Heaven. For he that endeavours to insinuate such bloody Aspersions upon Gods anointed, and those high dignities next to him, injures Heaven it self. Nor is it the Adulation of his Majesties *Halcyon Raign*, disturb'd by a Plot will serve his turn, while he labours to extinguish the Prosecution of those that disturb it. I say after all this, oppress'd with the thoughts of his future happiness, he falls into an *Endymions Dream*, and fancies to himself *that he has now shaken hands with his troublesom Companion Whiggism*, by which perhaps he was too strictly confin'd at least to publick sobriety and moderation (for otherwise *Whiggism*, not Phylacteriz'd about with Libells and Lampoons, walks about as freely and as unmolested, as the most Loyal. He that drowns himself in Healths to the King) and therefore he shall be at Liberty *to look Sence and Quality in the Face*; which he pretends to have done before, when he was seduc'd by great Persons. But his meaning is, that now he hopes by his Conversion, as he terms it, to be in a capacity to return to his former vain and luxurious life among the young Extravagants of the Town, where he shall have nothing to fear, unless the watchful Eyes of Bayliffs and Serjeants cause him to pull in his Horns, and creep back into his Shell. Far be it otherwise from all persons of Repute and Quality to admit him their presence contaminated with *Ridiculing Majesty, and branding the Justice of the Nation*. Rather let him retire among the Turks, where if they want it, he may defend their *Alcoran*, or among the Jews, where he may make a Studious Comment upon their Fabulous *Talmud*. So Employ'd he may perhaps linger out for some time a life bortow'd from Justice, unless his despair give him up to a more early Fate.

Here

Here the Scene *Changing, Enter* Narrative, *Solus, with a flouriſh.*

And here you are firſt to obſerve the ſcope of the Libeller's idle Diſcourſe, which is to manifeſt, *What an unthinking Pack of* Jehu's *the* Papiſts *were, through the whole* Plot, *and what Lunacy and Infatuation drove 'em.* Not conſidering what an Unthinking, Lunatick, Infatuated Fool he was at the ſame time: For the Lunacy and Infatuation of the *Papiſts*, in their proceedings againſt Hereticks, is ſo well known to all the World, that he might have ſpar'd his Labor.

In the next place you are to take notice, that the weapons that he has choſen to make uſe of to play his Prize withal, are Quibble, Evaſion, Contradiction: Weapons which he has ſtoll'n from the long ſince baffl'd *Vindication of Roman Catholicks*, *Stafford's Memoirs*, *The Morocco Preiſt*, and ſuch like inconſiderabe Champions of *Popery*; and has now only new ground and whetted, leſt they ſhould be known again by their ruſty Compexion. For who ever has read the lame objections which thoſe Pampleteers have made againſt the Verity of the late diſmal *Popiſh Contrivance*, ſhall find this Inſolent *Plot-Bravo* to have only been their Ape, and to have muſtred up their repeated Fallacies and Evaſions to ſupport his Inſigificant, Raſcally Recantation.

And now that he may be thought to begin well, his firſt undertaking is to aſſaſſinate the Belief of the Intended aſſaſſination of his Majeſtie.

To which purpoſe, after he has been prying and peering up and down for *Abſurdities*, *Contradictions*, and *Impoſſibilities*, to obliterate the Conſult in *April*, which he calls the *Hinge of the whole Plot*: He is extremely alſo aſtoniſh'd, that in *Pickering*'s Tryal, the *Conſult* ſhould conſiſt of Fifty perſons, which at *Langhorn*'s Tryal were *dwindl'd* into *Eighteen* or *Twenty*: But the greater wonder is, That an Inconſiderable namleſs Fellow, by his own Confeſſion, and which by the Atteſtation of others, never valu'd his owu Oaths, Vows or Proteſtations, ſhould be ſo nice a Critick upon other mens, and yet ſpeak ſo little to the purpoſe. For the *Conſult*, as all Couucils, Synods and Parliaments are ſaid to conſiſt of their full Number, tho' tis Ten to One, whether they may be all preſent at one time. Beſides, there might have been Fifty at Firſt, and but Twenty when *Langhorn* was there. But ſaies Monſieur *Narrative*, The reaſon why the Fifty *dwindl'd* into ſo ſmall a number was, becauſe *'twas proved, there was never a Room in the Tavern would hold above a dozen*; which is notoriouſly falſe: For the woman that came to Swear againſt her own Houſe, became the laughter and contempt of the Court, and the Judges told *Langhorn*, that ſhe had been very unfortunate in her evidence, to be ſo peremptory in what the ſtanders by knew to be ſo untrue. Now what becomes of this Puny *Argus*'s Pun of *Fifty* and *Twenty* being *alike* in the *Sacred deliverers Arithmetick*. The *Verum neceſſarium* was, that

there should be a *Consult*. 'Twas not *Verum necessarium*, whether there were fifty or twenty, so there were enough to make a *Consult*. But this same *Evidence-splitter* has nothing to lay to matter of fact; he only Trades in *Contradictions, Absurdities* & *Impossibilities*. Sad ware, God knows, to lay at the Top of the Basket, if he hath any better; and we would willingly allow him as much Wit as a Costermonger. For to Swear there were Fifty at *Pickering*'s Tryal and Twenty at *Langhorn*'s, was no contradiction: For in *Contradictions Alterum negat ubiq;* but the Swearing of Fifty is no denyal of the Twenty, nor the Swearing of Twenty any denyal of Fifty. Mr. *Slipstring* with all his perspicacious peering, does not find any Oath positive, that there was but just Fifty at *Pickering*'s Tryal and no more, or but just Twenty and no more at *Langhorn*'s, so that the *Ubiq; negans* being wanting in the same subject, the Contradiction vanishes.

Looking a little further, we spie a Miracle, that *Whitebread* in *January, should read an account of a crime, at St* Omers, *not comitted till* March *following:* That was somewhat strange indeed, but being more strange then True, the Miracle ceases. For the demonstration of *Januaries Packet*, relating to the Errour committed, had no relation to the time of the Penance. *Whitebread* might give an account of the Error committed in *January* and *Pickering* not be punish'd till *March*, without a Miracle.

But he desires the *Reader not to be puzzl'd to imagine how Pickering could present a Gun, between a Pistol and a Carbine, in a place there was not so much as a bush or a bryar to shroud a Pigmee, and not be apprehended or seen by any of the Kings attendance.* The Devils's in this fellow for putting shams upon the World. In the first place the Oath does not affirm that *Pickering presented the Gun*, but that finding the defect of the Flint, he deferr'd the Action till another time. Then he forgets that there was a very thick Grove at the end of the *Pallmall*, where His Majesty might have made his unfortunate approaches, as well as to any other part of the Park. In the next place, fellows prepar'd for such desperate designs, Bigotted with a Belief of Merit, and present hopes of Heaven, are not such Milk-sops as the too often bastinado'd *Settle*, to fear Apprehending or being presently mangl'd to peices. Nor is there such an Impossibilty but that a Villain so daring might have made an escape. For we read that the Duke of *Buckingham* was Stabb'd by a bold and resolute *Ruffian*, in his Chamber, talking with Monsieur *Sobieze*, in the middle of his Army; and yet the Historian says, he got away undiscovered: Yet when they saw the Duke weltering in his Blood, every person look'd upon one another, marvelling who should do that horrid Act, till *Felton* stept out and discover'd himself. And thus one of your *Plot-slayers* main Impossibilitys falls to the ground. And I have dwelt the longer upon this unpleasing Story, to shew how little Credit there is to be giv'n to what follows, when he has acted so weakly and faintly, where his dead-

dead-doing hand against the *Popish* Plot, ſhould have ſtruck moſt keenly home. Suppoſitions and Objections are frivolous, fallacious and villanous; but let him Anſwer this, whether it were not more probable that the *Papists*, a people generally of debauch'd and murderous Principles, that bear no conſciences towards Heretiks, perſecuted by Penal Laws, ſhould be induc'd out of their hatred of the Proteſtant Religion, and for the Advancement of their own, to remove the obſtacles of their freedom and happineſs by the Deſtruction of a Heretick Prince, then that a few inconſiderable perſons without any ſupport or encouragement, ſhould dare to Create ſuch a horrid and bloody Plot of ther own heads, and then venture their lives by daring to juſtifie it to the face of King and Parliament: And therefore this ſame crawling inſect of a Proteſtant Poet, might have employ'd his time much better then in diſgorging his inſolent *Gibes* upon the Divine prevention of ſuch Infernal Miſchiefs.

As little Reaſon he has to make *Chimerical* Armies, the ſport of his looſe Wit: For let him ſneer at *Armies of Satyrs* and *Centaurs marching through Cheapſide*, the bubbles of his Tragical *Pericranium*, yet the intent of raiſing Armies, & the Promiſes and expectations of Forreign Aid, the *Nerum neceſſarium*, were not only Sworn by the Evidence, which he derides, but evidently demonſtrable out of *Coleman*'s Letters. What elſe means this ſignal paſſage? *We have a mighty Work upon our hands, the Subduing of a Peſtilent Hereſie, which has domineer'd over great part of the Northern World, a great while. There never was greater Hopes of Succeſs ſince the Death of Queen* Mary, *till theſe our days. But the Oppoſition we are like to meet with, is alſo like to be great, ſo that it imports us to get all the Aid and Aſſiſtance we can.*

And all this the *Narrative-monger* did once ſo really believe, that he upbraids and taxes thoſe he once called *Tories*, for being ſo nice and ſcrupulous for miſtruſting a *Popiſh* Plot, *for want of ſufficient Circumſtances, when they could believe a Proteſtant Plot, without either Witneſſes or Circumſtances at all. And for diſputing about raiſing of Armies, and not one Commiſſion found, and yet could ſwallow the raiſing of a Proteſtant Army, without either Commiſſion or Commiſſion Officer. Nay, the very When, Where or How, were no part of their Conſiderations.* But now, by what ill fate heav'n knows, but only for a little Pocket money, the ſame Scruples, the ſame Niceties, are crept into Mr. *Settles* Conſcience; finding it no doubt as empty as his Pocket. And therefore, mounting upon the *Roſinante* of his own Vain Wit, he undertakes, like another *Don Quixote*, to Fight *French* Armies, *Spaniſh* Armies, and Armies of *Jago* Pilgrims, without ſo much as the help of one *Sancha Pancha*. He would make ye believe, that the *French* King was half a Proteſtant, as having raviſh'd from the *Pope*, the beſt flowers in his Garden, and bidding Defiance to the Thunder of his Excommunications: And thence inſinuates that the *French* King car'd not what became of the Plot

or the *Popiſh* Religion in *England*. Not conſidering, that the moſt bigotted Prince in *Europe*, *Charles* the V, at the ſame time that he was deſigning the deſtruction of the *German* Proteſtants, Beſieg'd and took even *Rome* it ſelf, and held the *Pope* Priſoner in his own City; and never minding that the *French* King was then, as now, aſpiring to the Univerſal Monarchy, and might be therefore glad of an Opportunity to get footing in *England*, not out of any Religious Deſign, but to make it the Acquiſt of his Ambition.

As for the King of *Spain*, he tells us, his condition was ſuch, that he had occaſion for ten times more Armies then he had. As if a broken Merchant might not put out a ſum of money, for his own advantage, at the ſame time that an Execution was Seizing upon his Warehouſe.

He is mighty merry at the thoughts of the *Blind*, which the *Jeſuites* found out, of *throwing the Death of the King, upon the Preſbyterians*. Tho it be well known to all the World, that it has been ſince, their cheif deſign to throw the whole Plot upon their backs. And it is to be fear'd, that ſome unwary people, who call themſelves of the Epiſcopal Party (for I leave out the *Papiſts*, who want no information) do half believe it already. So far was it from being ſuch an impudent peice of Madneſs or Lunacy as this *Ninny-hammer* of a Narrative-Monger, would make it; the worſt at *Abſurdities*, *Impoſſibilities* and drawing of Conſequences, that ever read *For the due joyning*. For were not his *Genius* wholly at the Devotion of his Pocket or his Codpeice, he might all along have obſerv'd, how the Papiſts themſelves are puzl'd to diſown a plot, but onely they would faine remove the Load of the Reproach from their own Shoulders.

But then to talk of a *Maſſacre*, is the greateſt ſport to him in nature. For quo he, what need ſo many Commiſſions for the preferment of Popiſh Biſhops, Abbots and Priors, when the People were all deſtroyed? Hold a little—— Men do not alwaies perform what they ſpeak in their Paſſion. They that tereaten'd not to leave a man that *Piſs'd againſt the wall*. did not always put the utmoſt of the Menace in Execution. And the wiſer ſort, when they are once ſure of the day, think it better to triumph over the Living then the Dead. On the other ſide the *Papiſts* have not been ſo compaſſionate to the *Hereticks*, that a Maſſacre of the moſt Barbarous Nature, may not be lay'd to their Charge. Witneſs that of the *Albigenſes*, where they deſtroy'd Men, Women and Children, with an exorabe Cruely, even to the depopulating of a large Territory. Nor may we omit the Iriſh Rebellion, a meer Inundation of Murder and Maſſacre. that ſpar'd neither Sex nor Age nor Parent, nor Friend, nor Relation, till it was ſtopp'd by force; and therefore, notwithſtanding Mr. *Shallowpates* mirth, it would have been but ill truſting the *Papiſts* in *England*, had the Plot gon on. Now whether they would have cut our Throats with Brown Bills or blew Bills, thats not the Queſtion. All this while, here's nothing to the

buſineſs

buſineſs, here's nothing ſaid to the *verum neceſſarium*: for ſtill the ſubſtantial part of the King's Evidence agrees with *Coleman*'s Letters, that there were endeavors, and large endeavors too us'd among the *Papiſts* in *England* to ſubdue the *peſtilent Hereſie* of *Proteſtantiſm*, and to procure all the Aid and Aſſiſtance they could get. And therefore the extravagant Diſcourſe of men flattering themſelves with conceited hopes, which many times elevate the Fancy, even to a kind of Luxuriancie, is no Argument to invalidate the more ſubtle and ſolid Part and Conduct of the Plot. No, no, the Plot was too deeply laid to be undermin'd by ſuch a young Sophiſter as *Settle*, or to be torn from the Cheeks of Truth by the Off-ſpring of a *Tooth-drawer*.

He takes great Advantage from the different accompts which *Oates* and *Dugdale* give of the various Diſcourſes they heard of the management of the Deſign. We underſtand him,—he would have had all the ſeveral Gangs and Clubbs of Plotters have all juſt jumpt in one and the ſame ſence and opinion, like the Tranſlators of the *Septuagint*. As if he could be ſuch a *Nicodemus*, ſo blockiſhly ignorant of the world, not to know that where ſeveral people are engag'd, there will be ſeveral Sir *Politick Woodbe's*, that will be putting their Oar i'th Boat where they are concern'd; one will be propoſing this, another that, and many a Fool's Bolt will be ſhot, and this Diſcourſe, though never ſo ſimple is Treaſon, and fit to be known by way of Circumſtance. But from hence to bring a Concluſion there was no Plot! where was this Son of a Barber born?

But now, quoth our *Impertinent Plot-Thraſher*, what think ye, if I *prove the work was to have been done by no Armies at all?* Why truly had he had any thing elſe in the world to do, he might have ſpar'd himſelf the labour; for ſo long as it was to be done, the cheaper they did it, the leſs it would have coſt 'em. However *Ireland*, one of the Executed Jeſuites, was of opinion, that there was no way to bring the buſineſs about but by a conſiderable force, which he muſter'd up to Fifty thouſand, affirming a leſs number would not ſuffice. Neither did *Langhorn* abſolutely deny at his Trial the having of Commiſſions, only he deny'd them to be ſeen upon his Desk. But I will not diſpute the Caſe farther with *E. Settle*; for perhaps he might know more of the Plot then they that were hang'd did. And therefore for *Jago-Pilgrims* and *Flandrian* or *French Armies*, if he will not have 'em to carry on the Plot, let him take 'em to Garriſon his own Caſtles in the Air. As for the *Iriſh* Plot, he ſwears by all the Idols of the *Moabites*, there could be no ſuch thing: for if there were, then the King of *Spain* was a *Blockhead*, and the King of *France* a *Lunatick*, and ought to come to *E. Settle* to be better inſtructed in State-Politicks; for which, when they have learn'd effectually, they ſhall only make him a Leg, and thank him in two Verſes broken of *Horace*,

—*Dii te*, Damaſippe, *Deaq;*
Verum ob Conſilium donent Tonſore.—

Now becauſe moſt of his Romantick Objections againſt the *Iriſh* Plot depend upon *Plunkett*'s Trial, upon which he was condemn'd, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf to make any further Defence for *Courts* of *Judicature*, then what has been made already.

He is very inquiſitive after the Reaſon why *Pickering* was to have had 1500*l.* and the four Ruffians but 20*l.* apiece? What's this to the deſtruction of the Plot? Every man makes as good a Bargain for himſelf as he can; and it is the property of a Ruffian to demand leſs for killing a man, then for lam-baſting him. If they were Gentlemen of *Rank* and *Quality*, as he ſays they were, which was more then the Evidence themſelves either knew or ſaid, 'twas a ſign they undertook what they did out of pure zeal and not for Money, as the *Recanter* wrote his Narrative. But theſe are Queſtions fitter for the Diſcuſſion of a Country Barbers Shop, then to trouble the thoughts of Rational men. For what tho *Bedloe* were the ſon of a Cobler? What abſurditie thence ariſes, but that he might be proffer'd his ſhare of five thouſand pound to head a band of *Bravo's* to execute a Murder? The *Jeſuites* knew murder was dearer in *England* then in *Italy*. However ſince the Son of a Cobler Swore it, why ſhould the Son of a Barber Queſtion it? 'Twas pity the Jeſuites had not known Mr. *Settle* at that time, to have made him their Treaſurer, that he might more equally and uprightly have proportion'd to every one their ſhares according to their Rank and Quality. No doubt but he would have given them an Excellent accompt of their Money at the Plots end.

Tis a ſtrange thing; nothing well pleaſe this *Plot-Swaſhbuckler*. 'Tis ſuch a Mr. Find-fault, why what sthe matter? Why now forſooth, Sir *Ed. Godfrey* was not murder'd to his mind. Now if he were not murder'd according to the Proteſtant Poets mind, as he would have had it done, if he had had a finger in the murder then it could be no Tragedy, for he is old Dog at a Tragedy; and if no Tragedy, then was Sir *Ed. Godfrey* never Murder'd.

But as if Heaven had infatuated all that go about to defend that *execrable Murder*, he makes ſuch falſe Paſſes, ſuch fallacious Objections, and miſtaken Applications, that neither the *Blockhead King of Spain*, nor the *Lunatick King of France*, ever committed groſſer Errors in the height of their Stupidity.

For the *Barbers Son* does not obſerve that what the *Coblers Son* declar'd before the Lords, in reference to the fact it ſelf, was only by relation from others. For that neither at the Tryal, nor before the Lords, did *Bedloe* undertake to diſtinguiſh the Parties that did the fact.

In the next place, the *Barbers Son* does not obſerve, that there were Parties engag'd in his Murther; the Cobler's Son's Party, and *Prance*'s Party. Now it happen'd that *Prance*'s Party got the ſtart of *Bedloe*'s. But when the fact was committed, both Parties clos'd, and fed their Curioſities with the beautiful Object of a Murder'd Heretick. Which is the true ſence of *Bedloe*'s Depoſi-

tion

tion, tho this Recanting *Plot-Killer* would ſo fain ſcrue it to his own wicked purpoſe.

Thus it is plain that *Bedloe*'s Oath was either previous to the Fact, in relation to his Contract with *La Phaire*, or *poſt factum*, in reference to his being carry'd to view the dead Body.

Prance Swore to the poſitive matter of fact, as it was acted by him and his accomplices, and ſo to all the ſucceeding circumſtances of Removal and concealment of the maſſacr'd Body, till the Murder was lay'd a ſweetning, near Primroſe Hill.

To this Monſieur *Flim-flam* makes his firſt exception, that the Murder was commited without *one ſyllable to any Queſtions ask'd, or the leaſt diſpute about ſending for Depoſitions*, &c. that is, he would have had them have made a *Prologuee* to their Tragedy, as he was us'd to do; but their Circumſtances would admit of no ſuch delays.

Then he admires, that ſuch a Fact ſhould be commitred in the *ſight of a Centinel, who had ten times more Authority and Power to prevent the Quarrel, then the Juſtice of the Peace had*; forgetting that it was poſitively ſworn that there was no Centinel there.

In the next place he is angry, that the Murderers did not lay the Body in the Street, and come out like *Felton*, and bravely confeſs the Fact, but that they remov'd him from place to place, as their Fears and Jealouſies prompted them, and the heinouſneſs of the Crime required; which he looks upon as a great Abſurdity.

And now, what may we think of ſuch a *Bungler* as this, who having undertaken to vindicate Murder and Treaſon in the higheſt degree, and the Innocence of the *Papiſts*, under ſuch a bloody Charge of *Impious Plot*, and *Infernal Conſpiracy*, with a glorious preſumption to have outdone all others that went before him, could find no better Implements to advance his Reputation of being the Wonder of his Age for compleating ſuch an *Herculean* Labour, but a company of moth-eaten, baſſl'd, ſilly, *nitty Objections*, and pretended Abſurdities, which his old *Sculler-Pot-companions* would have been aſham'd of? We may juſtly believe that for half the Sum proffer'd to the *Cobler's Son*, the *Barber's Son*, had he had as much courage to aſſault a man, as to lift up his hand againſt a ſurpriz'd Woman, would not have ſtuck to have committed the ſame inhuman Murder himſelf?

Yet after all theſe Paltry Reflections upon the cruelty and ſtrangeneſs of the *Aſſaſſination*, he has the inſolence to affirm, that after *Hill, Berry* and *Green* were apprehended, all *Difficulties were remov'd*,

mov'd, and *all Differences adjuſted*: As if the Judges of the Land ſate in their High Courts of Judicature to reconcile the Incongruities and Incoherences of perjur'd Evidence; a Crime certainly not to be forgiv'n by injur'd *Authority*.

Having made this frivolous Attack upon Sir *Ed. B. Godfrey*'s murder, he falls into another Extaſie, and admires that of all thoſe Letters and Pacquets of Treaſonable correſpondence ſent by the common Poſt, none ſhould be *intercepted*, none preſerv'd by the Diſcoverers, for the juſtification and proof of the Diſcovery.

Where's the Improbability? For the King has no Inquiſitor that ſits in his publick Office to break up Gentlemens Letters; it is that which the great obſtruction of Commerce will not allow. And yet there was a certain Pacquet ſent by the common Poſt, directed to Father *Beningfield*, which by an unlucky Fate, miſt falling into the hands of thoſe who would have made better uſe of it. No man can be ſo indiſcreet as to believe that the *Iriſh* Rebellion was carri'd on without correſpondence, and yet it brake out like a Torrent without diſcovery.

And then for the latter Part of the Objection, the *Proteſtant Poet* has made a moſt clever Anſwer to it himſelf. For when the Cardinal put this Queſtion to Pope *Joan*'s Witneſſes, *Can you produce thoſe Letters?* that is to ſay, ſuch Letters as were to prove the D. of *Saxony*'s Hereſie. The *Proteſtant Poet* makes Anſwer,

No, my Lord----
For ſtill the cautious Damaſus *made his Soul*
His Treaſons Cabinet; all dangerous Papers
No ſooner read, but burnt.----

So ingenious he could be for Pope *Joan* at a pinch; but in his Countries and a diſcarded Proteſtant Cauſe, the greateſt *Buffle-head* in Nature.

His *Poſt-ſcript* is like the Fools Part in a *Fortune-Playhouſe-Comedy*, to make the ſixpenny Gallery Sport; you there finding him a perfect *Jack Pudding*, and like another *Merry Andrew*, telling the Jeſuites, what He, the *Worſhipful Proteſtant Poet* would have done, had he been of their *Conſult*. And under the Cover of a Fancy of his own, miſtak'nly carried on, beyond Sence or Reaſon, drolling with the King, and taxing the Duke of *Ormond* of ill management; ſo that in the next Popiſh Plot, he has beſpoke himſelf to be a both ſides. On the one ſide, chief Manager of the Plot, on the other ſide, Preſident of the Councel, and Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

But

But it is high time to have done with ſuch an impertinent *Son of Neceſſity*, the general ſcorn of his Recantation, and diſdain of his Nefarious Attempt being ſufficient to condemn him. And indeed it might be expected, that ere this he ſhould have condemn'd himſelf. And that we might have had Tidings of his drown'd Carkaſs being taken up at *White Friers* Stairs, by ſome of his old Friends the Watermen's Boys. The lighteſt puniſhment to which he could have ſentenc'd himſelf for having thus at the inſtigation of his Belly, ſo boldly preſum'd to vent an Infamous and Rebellious *Libel*, with all the Reflexions that hungry Falſhood and Poetick Forgery could invent, upon all the *Judicial Proceedings* of the Nation. A new Surprize upon the Kingdom, which cannot well be determined whether greateſt, at the Irreligion of a converted *Infidel*, defending Acts of Impiety, or at the Confidence of a Subject contending againſt the Juſtice of his Sovereign.

For to give him *Dilemma* for his *Dilemma*; Either he is in the right, and the Embody'd *Prudence* and *Juſtice* of the Nation were in the wrong; or the Embody'd *Juſtice* and *Prudence* of the Nation were in the Right, and he is in the wrong. And then what ſort of open Retaliation he deſerves for the worſt of Crimes, they whoſe Wiſdom, whoſe Juſtice, whoſe Integrity, in the higheſt places of Dignity he has ſo inſolently and ſcandalouſly reproach'd and affronted, are beſt able to determin. Nor is there any thing that can pretend to ſave him, but this one ſingle Expedient, that while all Men know him to be a meer Natural Animal of a *Poet*, his whole Recantation and Narrative muſt be taken for a *Fiction*.

FINIS.